

## WOUNDS HIS DAUGHTER

John A. Weston, of Carson, Recently of Manawa, Shoots His Daughter and Then Kills Himself.

About six months ago John A. Weston came here from Manawa, Waupaca county, to take possession of the Jas. Tovey farm in the town of Carson, which he rented for a term of one year or more. He was accompanied by his family, consisting of his wife and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, the latter 21 years of age. Weston is now dead, his body having been buried in the Manawa cemetery on Tuesday, and the daughter at the home in Carson suffers from wounds inflicted by her unnatural father, who thereafter turned the weapon on himself and sent a bullet crashing through his brain.

Sunday evening Mrs. Weston and daughter left their home for a short time to visit with a neighbor and on their return Weston was in bed, but spoke pleasantly, saying they had returned early, or words to that effect. The mother and daughter soon after retired to their respective chambers on the second floor, the front room of which was occupied by the husband and father, but were awakened at about 11 o'clock by Weston, who was scolding and making all kinds of accusations against the other members of the household, and which he kept up until nearly 1 o'clock, when he arose and entered his daughter's room, with one hand behind his back. He having threatened her life at various times, she naturally became greatly frightened and jumping from her bed, commenced to struggle with him. He commanded her to keep still, saying that it would "all be over in a minute." She then saw that he intended to kill her and between her cries for assistance, begged him to not kill her, but to wait for a few minutes if he intended to do so, as she was not prepared to die. The revolver that he held in his hand was of 22 calibre and one or two of the shells failed to explode, but one finally did, the bullet passing through the lower part of her left ear and lodged down and back of the ear, from where it was removed by Dr. E. H. Rogers of this city, who responded to the summons brought here by Martin Sweeney, a neighbor of the Weston family, and who drove to town a few minutes after the tragedy.

Upon releasing herself from the grasp of her crazed father, Miss Weston ran down the stairway and out into the front yard, where she was soon joined by her mother. As the latter reached the bottom of the steps she heard another shot and this one, fired by his own hand, sent a bullet just back of the right temple and into Weston's brain, and it is supposed caused instant death, as his body was found lying upon his back upon the upper floor shortly afterwards.

That Weston was an unnatural husband and father is testified by the wife and daughter, both of whose lives he had threatened frequently and it seemed impossible for either of them to do anything that would please him. The daughter had offered at different times to go away and work for others, telling her father that she would send every cent she earned back to him if he were only good to her mother. To this he replied that if she dared to go away from home he would follow her to the ends of the earth if necessary and then kill her. A number of years ago Weston sold a farm that he owned in the town of Little Wolf, Waupaca county, and moved to Manawa, where he gradually went through his money by engaging in different lines of business that he knew nothing about and assisting friends by endorsing their notes. The daughter endeavored to secure an education so that she might engage in school teaching, but the father did not believe in schooling, and she was able to go only as far as the first year in the high school. For a year or more before coming here the father had been located at Portland, Ore., where he was employed, his family living at Waupaca in the meantime. His financial losses caused him to look upon most everybody as a personal enemy, including the members of his own household. Weston was a native of Waupaca county, in the 50th year of his age, and had lived practically all his life at the places above mentioned.

Sheriff Guyant was among the first on the scene of the tragedy after Martin Sweeney brought the news to this city, being accompanied by Dr. Rogers, and the body was found in the position in which it had fallen after the shot, clad only in a shirt.

After leaving the house Mrs. Weston and daughter started for the home of W. E. Warren, proprietor of the Carson creamery, where they were found upon the arrival of Dr. Rogers, who dressed the wound for the young lady and located and removed the bullet. The wound was not a serious one and she will soon have entirely recovered.

Weston's body was brought here Monday afternoon by Coroner Boston, who first visited the premises that morning and drove up in the afternoon to take charge of the remains, which were prepared for burial and taken to Manawa Tuesday morning, accompanied by H. C. Smith, a member of the Manawa Lodge of Odd Fellows, to which the deceased belonged, the lodge there having been apprised of the tragedy and sent Mr. Smith here to accompany the remains back to the former home.

## Mothers' Day Last Sunday.

White carnations were not as conspicuous on the streets of Stevens Point last Sunday as they should have been, a great majority of our young men and older ones as well, having apparently overlooked the fact that it was Mothers' day—a day dedicated to honor, love and veneration of mother, the grandest and best woman, whether living or dead, that was ever born.

## Supper by the Young Men.

This afternoon is a banner one for the young men of the Friedens church, for from 4 until 9:30 they will serve a chicken supper prepared by themselves in the church basement, corner Dixon street and Center avenue. Everybody is cordially invited to attend and sample the boys' cooking. A tempting menu has been prepared with the assistance of Wm. Henning. The young men are working in a good cause, to improve and uphold their church, and are deserving of your assistance.

## K. W. BAKENS MARRIED

Young Stevens Point Druggist Wedded to Leah McCadden at Fond du Lac.

At 10 o'clock this morning at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. L. McCadden, North Fond du Lac, their youngest daughter, Leah Marguerite, was united in marriage to Kenneth W. Bakens of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Walter A. Hall, pastor of the Fond du Lac M. E. church, and the attendants were Wm. Joslyn and Miss Bena Johnson, both of Fond du Lac. The wedding party and members of the immediate families partook of breakfast at the McCadden home and this afternoon Kenneth and his bride will leave for Chicago to spend the balance of the week among relatives. Upon their return to Stevens Point they will make their home for a time at least with the groom's parents at 812 Center avenue.

The bride spent her childhood and young girlhood days in this city, but the family moved to North Fond du Lac about ten years ago, where she attended the village and city schools and graduated from the Fond du Lac High school with the class of 1910. The young lady still enjoys a large acquaintance in Stevens Point where she has visited frequently and is regarded as a highly accomplished and excellent girl in every respect.

The groom is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bakens and has made our city his home a goodly portion of his life. He completed the pharmacy course in Chicago upwards of two years ago and last fall engaged in the drug business at 1004 Division street, this city, and is rapidly building up a prosperous trade. Personally he is a prince of good fellows, one fully deserving of the good things of life. The many friends of the young couple here and elsewhere are pleased to extend their good wishes.

## Dietz Passes Through.

John Dietz of Cameron dam notoriety, who was found guilty of murder in the first degree at Hayward last Saturday, passed through this city last night over the Soo on his way to Wau-pun to serve a life imprisonment. He was in charge of Sheriff Clark and Deputy Sheriff French. Dietz has hopes that he will either be pardoned or receive a new trial, but as yet has secured no attorney to look after his legal rights, having conducted his own case during the trial.

When he left Hayward last evening none of the members of his family were in the city to bid him goodbye, his wife and some of the children being at Rice Lake, while others were at Minneapolis and elsewhere.

## FORESTERS AT MILLADORE

A New Court of the C. O. F. Instituted Last Monday Evening—Stevens Pointers Attend.

A new court of the Catholic Order of Foresters, to be known as Holy Trinity Court No. 1702, was instituted at Milladore last Monday evening, a class of 24 being initiated by officers of St. Stephen's court of this city, who went up on the evening train and returned home on the Soo limited early next morning. Following the initiation ceremonies, an election of officers took place, when these selections were made for the balance of this year:

Chief Ranger—Dr. C. J. Skwor.  
Vice C. R.—W. H. Ryan.  
Past C. R.—J. H. Rudersdorf.  
Fin. Sec.—Jas. E. Malik.  
Rec. Sec.—J. W. Cherney.  
Treasurer—J. G. Pavlik.  
Trustees—Stephen Benish, Frank Malik, John Beranek.

Speaker—Jos. Bazal.  
Spiritual Director—Rev. Kolars.  
Delegate to state convention—Dr. Skwor.

Alternate—F. A. Prausa.  
Sr. Con.—Aug. Mancl.  
Jr. Con.—W. Cherney.

Inside Sentinel—Martin Stashek.  
Outside Sentinel—John Malik.

The installation then took place, after which an adjournment was taken to Lang's hall, where several hours were spent socially. The entertainment included an elaborate supper served at about midnight.

Besides the twenty-four who were made members of the order Monday evening, three others are on the charter list and will be initiated at the next meeting. Regular services will be held on the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month at Woodman hall.

Dr. Skwor is the organizer of this court, which is composed of a fine body of young men and there is every reason to expect the order's prosperity in our neighboring village.

The following delegation attended from Stevens Point: J. W. Donegan, P. J. Jacobs, D. J. Leahy, John W. Glennon, F. J. Blood, Dr. L. Paster-nacki, Elmar Pendergrast, Alex. N. Berens.

## BIG CLASS TO GRADUATE

Thirty-two Young People Expect to Finish High School Courses Next Month.

The Stevens Point public schools finish their year's work on June 16th, on which date it is expected that a class of thirty-two will complete the prescribed course at the High school and receive the coveted diplomas. During their four years' work in the upper department these boys and girls pursued various lines of endeavor, the courses being no less than seven in number. Twelve of the students took domestic science, there were six in the commercial department and an equal number hope to graduate from the modern classical course. A list of the prospective graduates is printed below:

MODERN CLASSICAL.  
Agnes Forsyth, Frances Hadcock, Fred Knope, Helen Stemen, Emma Winnie, Helen Walters.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.  
Henrietta Bergholte, Nellie Cook, Ethel Eggleston, Frances Fallon, Violet Fisher, Elsie Holman, Cora Johnson, Mollie Larson, Grace McCallum, Rae Maddy, Esther Ruby, Gladys Willett.

COMMERCIAL.  
Myron Emmons, Mollie Kamrowski, Ed. Larson, Eva Mellentine, Simon Roseth, Howard Wells.

ENGLISH.  
Loella Ballou, Rudolph Helm, Harvey Rogers, Chas. Fulton.

GERMAN.  
Clarence Wilson.

SCIENCE.  
Sonia Bunin.

LATIN.  
Byron Carpenter, Bernard Dobeck.

## Death From Diphtheria.

John, the seven year old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Massman, 211 Jefferson street, died last Monday night at 11:30 o'clock, following a brief illness with diphtheria. The boy was taken sick last Friday and grew rapidly worse until the end. The parents have two younger children, both girls, the older one of whom is also in serious condition with diphtheria. Little John's remains were laid to rest in St. Joseph's cemetery Tuesday afternoon, the funeral necessarily being private. The loss of a son or daughter is sad under any circumstances, and doubly so when taken away through a contagious disease.

## Request Readily Granted.

City Atty. Owen spent a day or two at Minneapolis last week in compliance with a resolution of the common council that he go there to interview the Soo officials relative to sewer connections at the South Side. By passing down along the line of the Soo right-of-way to the river, the city will not only be able to save several hundred dollars, thus avoiding a granite ledge, but will also save time and distance and have a better outlet. Mr. Owen found the Soo officials most courteous and obliging, readily granting his request and expressing themselves as thoroughly in accord with every reasonable wish that Stevens Point may desire.

## Land Values Increasing.

Some ten or eleven years ago A. M. Nelson sold a tract of 2,500 acres of marsh land in what is now the Buena Vista drainage district at \$2.00 per acre, which price was considered very good at that time and better than many other sales were made for. Last week Mr. Nelson disposed of forty acres in the same district for an even \$1,000, or at the rate of \$25 per acre, the purchaser being W. E. Coddington, who will improve the property and readily sell it at a big advance.

Another important deal made by Mr. Nelson within the week was the sale of 240 acres in the Dancy drainage district at \$15 per acre, this value also being several times greater than the land would have brought before the work of dredging was commenced a couple of years ago. The property was bought by A. E. Dafe of this city.

A. M. still has a few slices of land in both districts.

## Public Library Notes.

The following list of new books have been added to the library:

Curtis—The Indians' book. Being an offering by the American Indians, of Indian lore, musical and narrative, to form a record of the songs and legends of their race, illustrated from photographs and from original drawings by Indians.

Wilson—Congressional government. Kreps—Science of trapping. Jones—Telegraphy for beginners. Noyes & Ray—Little plays for little people.

Kingsley—Open air crusaders.

Page—Gordon Keith. Lloyd—The invaders. Lincoln—Mr. Pratt. Webster—Calumet. "K."

Harker—Master and maid. Donnell—Rebecca Mary. Elliott—Patricia. Gilman—What Diantha did. Gould—Felicia visits. Stratemeyer—Dave Porter and his rivals.

REPLACEMENTS.  
Wright—Shepherd of the hills. Stratton—Porter—Girl of the Limberlost.

Burnett—Piccino. Baum—Wizard of Oz. A portfolio of photographic prints of civil war pictures, by Brady, have been received at the library, and will be interesting to students of history.

## DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN

Nicholas Knop, Formerly of Sharon Township, Dies at Sister's Home in Stockton, Monday.

Nicholas Knop, whose very dangerous illness at the home of his sister, Mrs. Nick Trierweiler, in the town of Stockton, was noted last week, passed away shortly before the noon hour on Monday. Death was caused by Bright's disease and a complication of other ailments, following an illness of several months, although he was seriously sick only since the 16th of March. At that time Mr. Knop was employed as bridge foreman on the Omaha railroad, having a large crew of men under his charge. He received treatment a few weeks at Spooner and New Richmond, being then brought to his sister's home in this county, where he had since been attended by a trained nurse, Miss Mary Callahan of New Richmond.

His sister, Miss Lizzie Bender, who had been receiving treatment at Sacred Heart Sanitarium, Milwaukee, returned here Monday evening, and their mother, Mrs. Baltus Bender, is expected today from Denver, Col., where she had been several months. A brother, John Knop, whose home is in Denver, arrived here a couple of weeks ago. The only other member of the immediate family is August Knop of Denver, who will be unable to come because of his wife's illness.

Nick was born in the town of Sharon 34 years ago the 5th of last August. He lived on the old homestead in that township until about ten years ago, since which time he had traveled extensively, visiting the far west a couple of times and was also in other distant portions of the country. For the past two or three years he was employed at bridge work and through exceptional ability arose to the foreman's position. Many old friends at his boyhood home will be especially grieved to learn of his death.

The funeral cortege will leave the Trierweiler home at an early hour Thursday morning, arriving at St. Joseph's church in this city at 10:30 o'clock, where services will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. H. J. Ehr. Interment will follow in the parish cemetery.

## Ice Cream Social.

On Wednesday afternoon and evening, May 24th, the young ladies of the Friedens church will give an ice cream social in the ice cream parlors of Chas. F. Hass, South Side, which incidentally will also serve as the opening of Mr. Hass's ice cream parlors for the coming season. You will sample the boys' cooking at the supper today and next week come and see what the young ladies can do.

## The Mission Closed.

As announced in our last issue, the mission given at St. Stephen's church last week, by Fathers Henry and Eugene of the Passionist order, came to a close Sunday evening, when in addition to the regular service, the papal benediction was imparted to those in attendance. At various services during the week the pastor, Rev. W. J. Rice, and the missionary Fathers were assisted by Revs. W. P. Mortell of Waupaca, Jas. E. Megher of Lanark, W. J. Luby of Poygan, Fox of Oshkosh, Geo. A. Schemmer of Custer, L. J. Pescinski of Fancher, W. B. Polaczky of Junction City and S. A. Elbert and H. J. Ehr of this city.

## WAS HE HUNGRY IN JAIL?

Fond du Lac Man, Arrested on Suspicion, Claims That He Was Held in Stevens Point Jail Without Food.

Chief of Police Hafsoos received notice from the authorities at Marshfield one day last week asking him to arrest a man who had committed forgeries in that city by raising and cashing checks. A description of the man was given, and on Friday afternoon a stranger, who appeared to be the man wanted, was taken in charge and placed behind the bars at the South Side station. Deputy Sheriff Griffin was sent for and came down from Marshfield on an evening train, deciding at once that while the man held in custody was a good "double" for the fellow wanted, he was not the man. Chief Hafsoos ordered the stranger released and he left the jail at about midnight.

Now comes the report from Fond du Lac that "Milton G. Miles, a chiropractor, residing on West Division street, has retained Atty. H. E. Sweet of this city, and will probably bring suit against the Stevens Point authorities for alleged false imprisonment. Miles was taken into custody Friday at the Point on the charge of having forged a check. He subsequently proved not to be the man wanted and was released. He claims that he was held at the jail from 2 o'clock in the afternoon until midnight without food. He names Chief of Police John Hafsoos and Officer Frank Falkiewicz as defendants in his proposed action."

As is the unalterable rule in a case of this kind, or similar, Miles was called upon by a fireman at engine house No. 2, adjoining the jail, and asked if he would have some supper, which is prepared by a lady in the same block. His answer being in the negative, he was advised that the best that could be secured later would be a cold lunch. These being the facts in the matter, as secured from those in a position to know, it was presumed that Miles would not be hasty jumping into litigation.

In an interview with a Fond du Lac newspaper man on Monday, however, Atty. Sweet declared that he would certainly commence action for false imprisonment, but as yet none of the local officers have been served with summonses in the proposed action.

## Grand Lodge to Meet.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows will meet in Milwaukee this year, convening on Tuesday, June 6th. M. G. Wert and M. E. Bruce have been chosen as delegates to represent Shaurette Lodge, No. 92, with Jas. Beesley and J. W. Strope as alternates.

The delegates from Stumpf Lodge, No. 225, are Ellis Merrill and Simpson Todd, with Chris Geisler as alternate.

Barbara Lodge, No. 9, Daughters of Rebekah, have chosen Mrs. Dan Maddy and Mrs. F. O. Hodsdon as delegates, and Mrs. John J. Nelson and Mrs. E. E. Noble as alternates. Mrs. E. A. Arenberg, who is grand marshal of the state organization, and Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Behrendt will also attend.

## Miss Dunning's Father Dies.

Miss Bessie Dunning, a member of the High school faculty, was called to Waupaca last Saturday by the serious illness of her father, who passed away at the Veterans' Home hospital, near the lakes, Sunday morning. His wife was also with him at the time of his death. The remains were interred at Omro, the old family home.

Miss Dunning has the sympathy of many friends whom she has made since coming here last fall. Floral offerings were sent from here by the High school faculty and members of the different classes which Miss Dunning has been teaching.

## LUMBER FIRMS SUFFER

Mill of Mohr-Stotzer Lumber Co. Destroyed and the R. Connor Co. Also Have a Small Loss.

The Mohr-Stotzer Lumber Co. saw mill at Holt, Marathon county, was entirely destroyed by fire on Tuesday evening of last week. The fire was discovered at about 9 o'clock, having started in the basement, but the origin is not definitely known. The mill, which has been operated day and night, had been temporarily shut down on account of a rain and lightning storm that was raging at the time, and a bolt of lightning may have been the responsible agent. The fire burned very rapidly, and within an hour the structure was a heap of smoldering ruins. The heavy rains, together with the well equipped fire apparatus at the plant, saved the planing mill and lumber yards.

It is probable that the mill will soon be rebuilt, as the company has about four million feet of logs still uncut, besides several million feet of standing timber. J. S. Griffith is local manager for the company. The loss is well covered by insurance.

R. Connor Co., of Marshfield, sustained a heavy loss by fire at their Stratford mill, last Friday morning, when two large barns, two shingle sheds containing 25,000 shingles, two cars of pulp wood and two horses were destroyed by fire. The balance of the property, including mills, lumber, etc., was saved after a desperate effort. The loss, between \$5,000 and \$7,000, is covered by insurance.

## Heavy Fine and Costs.

John Perkins of Amherst was arrested this morning by Sheriff Guyant. He was placed in the village lock-up at Amherst yesterday for being intoxicated, but broke out this morning, secured a horse and buggy that belonged to another party and started away. Sheriff Guyant was called, and after reaching Amherst secured an auto and overtook Perkins about a mile and a half southeast of the village. Perkins was brought back and after being arraigned before Judge Murat this afternoon, pleaded guilty to the charge preferred against him, that of selling liquor without a license, and a fine of \$50 and costs, amounting to \$61.82 was imposed. Not having the money with him, he was remanded to jail. There are several other charges against Perkins, and Sheriff Guyant is at Amherst this afternoon making an investigation. It is said that Perkins made a desperate effort to get away from Amherst, and was urging the horse to its utmost when the officer overtook him.

## High School Notes.

The chemistry class has about finished their experiments for the year.

Miss Dunning is absent from school on account of the death of her father.

A week from Friday a banquet will be given to the members of the Literary society.

If the weather will permit, a marsh-mallow roast will be given by the Juniors to the Sophomores next Friday evening.

The base ball game last Saturday with the Normal was a great success for us. Carpenter pitched a good game, allowing only five hits to Bird-sall's nine. Carpenter walked one man while Bird-sall walked four. The first three innings were very close, neither side being able to score, but with the fourth inning we got down to business and ran in two scores. Every inning after that except the eighth saw at least one score for us. In the last few innings the Normal team was completely outclassed. Many errors were made on both sides. The following is the lineup:

High—	Normal—
Carpenter.....p.....	Birdsall
Berens.....c.....	Oden
Fulton.....1b.....	Collins
Helm.....2b.....	Poblocki
Cutting.....3b.....	Olsen
Hagan.....ss.....	O'Connell
Park.....cf.....	Ross
O'Malley.....lf.....	Leonard
Cook.....rf.....	Horn
Umpire, Eagleburger.	

## BASE BALL SEASON HERE

Grand Rapids Will Play With New Team on Sunday, May 28—We Will Have a Strong Team.

The base ball season will open in Stevens Point on Sunday, May 28th, when the Grand Rapids star team will be here to contest for honors with the new local team, of which Pete Schreiner is the live manager. The Stevens Point team will have not less than four salaried men, contracts with whom are expected to be closed this week, and the balance of the team will be picked from the best base ball talent that the city produces, and we have a number of firstclass players.

There will be a practice game at the fair grounds next Sunday afternoon between the regular team and the Yanagans, at which time the team will appear in their new uniforms. No admission will be charged, and all are invited to witness the "try out."

The base ball association has leased the Empire roller rink for a grand benefit ball, to be given on Thursday evening, May 25th, when an admission of 50 cents per couple will be charged. Weber's orchestra will furnish music, and it is hoped that the base ball boys will be liberally patronized. If you don't dance, buy a ticket and give it to some young friend.

## Prospering in Dakota.

F. J. Schile and Jas. McHugh of Aberdeen, S. Dak., arrived here on the early train Tuesday morning for a week's stay on business and to visit Mr. McHugh's relatives. The latter gentleman is a son of Jos. McHugh, one of Stockton's pioneer farmers, but who went west two or three years ago and now owns a quarter section of valuable farming land just outside the limits of Aberdeen. The adjoining 160 acres has been bought by the city for public park purposes, to which the street railway system will be extended this season. The McHugh family have leased three other quarter sections and therefore have 640 acres of land in grain or grass this year.

## KNIGHTS AT LA CROSSE

Annual State Convention of the Knights of Columbus an Enjoyable Affair—Officers and Delegates.

The Knights of Columbus have thirty-seven local councils in the state of Wisconsin, and nearly all were represented by two delegates each at the annual state convention held at La Crosse last week. In addition to these were the state officers, district deputies, etc., making a total delegation of nearly one hundred. A spacious hall had been secured for holding the business sessions, banquet, etc., and the local Knights, their ladies and citizens generally left nothing undone for the pleasure and comfort of the visitors, who also included a few ladies. The first day was mainly taken up with business, followed by a banquet in the evening, during which an artistic program was rendered by a firstclass orchestra. At the close of the banquet, with Rev. Ambrose Murphy, the "wit of the Mississippi," acting as toastmaster, an address of welcome was made by Mayor John Dengler of La Crosse, with a response by Dr. T. L. Harrington of Milwaukee, and toasts were responded to by Rev. A. Ph. Kremer, V. G., of LaCrosse, John F. Doherty of LaCrosse, John C. Martin of Green Bay, Jas. L. O'Connor of Milwaukee and T. L. Cleary of Platteville.

Officers for the year were chosen as follows: State deputy, T. L. Harrington, Milwaukee; secretary, W. D. McGuire, Baraboo; treasurer, E. A. Krembs, Merrill; warden, O. G. Kremer, Fond du Lac; advocate, John F. Doherty, LaCrosse. All except Mr. Doherty are re-elections. The treasurer is a former well known Stevens Point young man, and this is his third term. The following delegates and alternates to the national convention at Detroit in August were also selected: Delegates, T. L. Harrington of Milwaukee, M. K. Reilly of Fond du Lac, A. H. Schubert of La Crosse, Maurice A. McCabe of Milwaukee, T. L. Cleary of Platteville; alternates, F. G. Smith of Milwaukee, Rev. P. Grossnick of Manawa, R. C. Deutsch of Wausau, Wm. Ryan of Madison and Rev. F. R. Hanz of Beloit. The next annual gathering will be held at Green Bay.

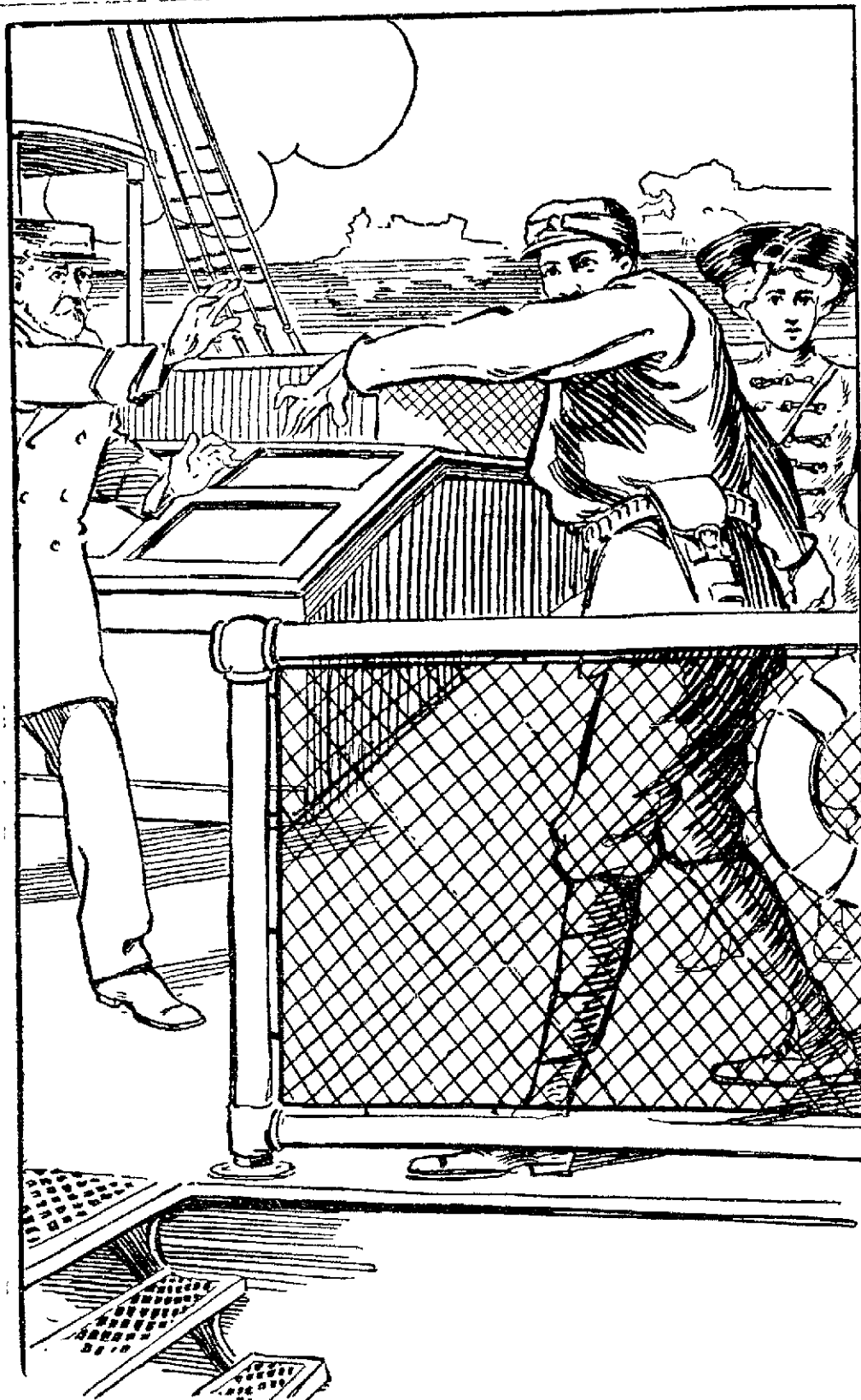
Twenty-nine states in the Union have passed laws making Columbus day or Landing day, Oct. 12th, a legal holiday, and resolutions were adopted asking the Wisconsin legislature to take like action, but these will probably not be presented until the session of 1913. In the meantime the public will have an opportunity to become familiar with the life and work of the Great Discoverer.

## Children Please Many.

The sum of \$40 was added to the treasury of St. Mary's church, Custer, as the proceeds of an entertainment given at Foresters' hall in Stockton township last Friday evening by the pupils attending schools taught by Misses Anna Ryan and Ruth Finnessy. The little people were well trained and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present.

In the program of twenty-three numbers, ten were given by the following individuals: Theresa Belle Welch, Alex. Peplinski, Melvin Breitenstein, Lucille Doyle, John Tovey, Lucille Gibbs, Grace Doyle, Henry Ward, Gertrude O'Keefe and Edna Vorton. John Tovey responded to an encore, singing "School Bells." His accompanist, was Mrs. R. C. Gibbs.





Threw It Far Out Into the Water.

#### SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace and his affection for his friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Planck, an arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making search ashore. After Cayley departs Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curiously shaped stick. Captain Planck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeanne tells Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fanshaw declares that it is an Eskimo throwing-stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Fanshaw returns from the searching party with a sprained ankle. Perry Hunter is found murdered and Cayley is accused of the crime but Jeanne believes him innocent.

#### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"I might have saved him," he murmured brokenly. "If I had not hung aloft there too long, just out of curiosity; if they had been men to me instead of puppets. But when I guessed what their intent was, I was done before I could interfere. I saw him going backwards over the brink of a fissure in the ice, tugging at a dart that was in his throat. And when they had gone—his murderers—"

"They?" she cried. "Was there more than one?"

"Yes," he said, "there was a party. There must have been ten or twelve at least. When they had gone I flew down and picked up that stick, which one of them had dropped—And to think I might have saved him!"

Her hand still rested on his arm. "I'm glad you told me," she said. She felt the arm stiffen suddenly at the sound of Tom Fanshaw's voice.

"Jeanne, take your hand away! Can you touch a man like that? Can you believe the lies—" but there, with a peremptory gesture, his father silenced him.

But even he exclaimed at the girl's next action, for she stooped, picked up the blood-stained dart which lay at Philip Cayley's feet, and handed it to him. "Throw it away, please!" she said, "overboard, and as far as you can."

Even before the other men cried out at his doing the thing she had asked him to, he hesitated and looked at her in some surprise.

"Do it, please," she commanded; "I ask it seriously."

Tom Fanshaw started out of his chair; then, as an intolerable twinge from his ankle stopped him, he dropped back again. His father moved quickly forward, too, but checked himself, the surprise in his face giving way to curiosity. At a general thing, Jeanne Fielding knew what she was about.

Philip Cayley took the dart and threw it far out into the water.

There was one more surprise in store for the two Fanshaws. When Cayley, without a glance toward either of them, walked out on the upper landing of the accommodation ladder, the girl accompanied him, and, side by side with him, descended the little stairway, at whose foot the dinghy waited.

"You are still determined on that resolution of yours, are you, to abandon us all for the second time—all humankind, I mean? This later accu-

sation against you was so easily disproved."

"Disproved?" he questioned. "That beautiful faith of yours can't be called proof."

"I meant just what I said—disproved. They shall admit it when I go back on deck. Won't you—won't you give us a chance to disbelieve the old story, too?"

"I can never explain that now," he said; "can never lay that phantom, never in the world."

"I am sorry," she said holding out her hand to him. "I wish you'd give us a chance. Goodbye."

This time he took the hand, bowed over it and pressed it lightly to his lips. Then, without any other farewell than that, he dropped down into dinghy and was rowed back to the floe—back to his wings.

When she returned to the deck she found that Mr. Fanshaw had gone around to the other side of it to see the sky-man take to the air.

But Tom sat, rigid, where he was. For the first time that she could remember, he was regarding her with open anger. "I knew," he said, "that you never liked Hunter, though I never could see why you should dislike him; and it didn't take two minutes to see that this man Cayley, with his wings and his romance, had fascinated you. But in spite of that, I thought you had a better sense of justice than you showed just now."

She flushed a little. "My sense of justice seems to be better than yours this morning, Tom," she answered quietly. Then she unsling her binoculars again and, turning her back upon him, gazed out shoreward.

"I am getting worried about our shore party," she remarked, as if by way of discontinuing the quarrel. "If there are ten or twelve men living there, in hiding from us, willing to do unprovoked murder, when they can with impunity—"

"So you believed that part of the story, too, did you?" Tom interrupted.

She did not answer his question at all, but turned her attention shoreward again.

A moment later she closed her binoculars with a snap, and walked around to the other side of the deck, where Mr. Fanshaw, leaning his elbows on the rail, was looking out across the ice-floe.

"Well," he asked briskly, as she came up and laid an affectionate arm across his shoulder, "I suppose you've been telling Tom why you did it—why you made Cayley throw that dart away, I mean; but you'll have to tell me, too. I can't figure it out. You had something in mind, I'm sure."

"I haven't been telling Tom," she said. "He doesn't seem in a very reasonable mood this morning. But I did have something in mind. I was proving that Mr. Cayley couldn't possibly be the man who had committed the murder."

"I suspected it was that," he said.

"It's the stick that proves it really," she said. "You remember how puzzled you were because the end of it which you held it by wouldn't fit your hand? I discovered why that was when you sent me in to get it a short while ago. It's a left-handed stick. It fits the palm of your left hand perfectly. You'll find that that is so when you try it. And Mr. Cayley is right-handed."

The old man nodded rather dubiously. "Cayley may be ambidextrous, for anything you know," he objected.

She had her rejoinder ready: "But this stick, Uncle Jerry, dear, was made for a man who couldn't throw with his right hand, and Mr. Cayley can. He did it perfectly easily, and without suspecting at all why I want-

# The SKY-MAN

HENRY KETCHELL WEBSTER  
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ed him to. Don't you see? Isn't it clear?"

"It's quite clear that the brains of this expedition are in that pretty head of yours," he said. "Yes, I think you're right." Then, after a pause, he added, with an enigmatical look at her: "Don't be too hard on Tom, my dear, because you see the circumstances are hard enough on him already."

She made a little gesture of impatience. "They're not half as hard on him as they are on Mr. Cayley."

"Oh, I don't know," the old gentleman answered. "Take it by and large, I should say that Cayley was playing in luck."

#### CHAPTER VI. Tom's Confession.

At intervals during the day those enigmatical words of Mr. Fanshaw's recurred to the girl with the reflection that they wanted serious thinking over, at the first convenient opportunity. But the day wore away and the opportunity did not appear.

The captain of the yacht—his name was Warner—was on shore in command of the searching party, but the first officer, Mr. Scales, remained on board. He was in possession of all the data, though they had not told him the story of Philip Cayley's old relation with the murdered man.

"It stands to reason," he said, "that the only party of white men that could be here would be the survivors of the Fielding expedition. We know from the news that young Mr. Fanshaw brought aboard that there is one such survivor here. If there were any considerable number of them left, able-bodied enough to walk across the glacier, we could be sure they'd be here on the shore waiting for us. We could be certain they would have made some attempt to signal us as soon as they sighted us."

"If they weren't white men but Indians—Chucotes—they'd have been quite as glad as white men to get a chance to go back with us as far as St. Michaels. And in the third place, if they were not Chucotes, but some strange, unknown, murderous band of aborigines, there wouldn't have been even one survivor of the Fielding expedition."

"Of course that's not an absolute water-tight line of reasoning, but it seems to me there is a tremendous probability that it's right, and that this flying man has lost his wits."

By four o'clock they had decided that, whether or not the sky-man's story might be true, it was high time to send a relief party ashore to find the lost ones.

At five o'clock accordingly, the relief expedition went ashore, and Tom Fanshaw and the girl were left alone on the yacht.

Two hours later, perhaps, after they had eaten the supper which Jeanne had concocted in the galley, they sat, side by side, in their comfortable deck chairs, gazing out across the ice-floe. The evening was unusually mild, the thermometer showing only a degree or two below freezing, and here in the lee of the deckhouse they hardly needed their furs.

They had sat there in silence a long while. Tom's promise that they would keep a brisk lookout against a possible attack on the yacht, had passed utterly from both their minds. It was so still—so dead still; the world about them was so utterly empty as to make any thought of such an attack seem preposterous.

Finally the girl seemed to rouse herself from the train of thought that had preoccupied her mind, straightened up a little and turned for a look into her companion's face. But this little movement of her body failed to rouse him. His eyes did not turn to meet hers, but remained fixed on the far horizon.

A moment later she stretched out a hand and explored for his beneath the great white bear skin that covered him, found it and interlocked her fingers with his. At that, he pulled himself up, with a start, and abruptly withdrew his own from the contact.

She colored a little, and her brows knitted in perplexity. "What an odd bear you are, Tom," she said. "What's the matter today? It's not a bit like you to sulk just because we disagree about something. We disagree all the time, but you've never been like this to me before."

"I always told you I was a sullen brute when things went wrong with me, although you never would believe it," he said. "I'm sorry."

"I don't want you to be sorry," she told him; "I just want you to be a few shades more cheerful."

He seemed not to be able to give her what she wished, however, for he lapsed again into his moody abstraction. But after a few minutes more of silence, he turned upon her with a question that astonished her. "What did you do that for, just now?"

At first she was in doubt as to what act of hers, he referred to. "Do you mean my hand?" she asked, after looking at him in puzzled curiosity for a moment.

He nodded. "Why—because I was feeling a little lonesome, I suppose, and sort of

tender-hearted, and we'd been about half quarreling all day, and I didn't feel quarrelsome any more, and I thought my big brother's hand would feel—well—grateful and comforting, you know."

She was curious as to why he wanted the explanation, but she gave it to him unhesitatingly, without the faintest touch of coquetry or embarrassment.

"I can't remember back to the time," she continued, "when I didn't do things like that to you, just as you did to me, and neither of us ever wanted an explanation before. Are you trying to make up your mind to disown me, or something?"

He leaned back moodily into his chair without answering her.

After a little perplexed silence, she spoke again. "I didn't know things were going wrong with you. I didn't even suspect it until this morning, when Uncle Jerry said—"

"What!" Tom interrupted. "What does the governor know about it? What did he say?"

"Why, nothing, but that you were playing in rather hard luck, he thought, and that I was to be nice to you. Is the world going badly—really badly—really badly?"

"Yes." That curt monosyllable was evidently all the answer he meant to make. At that she gave up all attempt to console him, dropped back in her chair and cuddled a little deeper down under her bear skin, her face, three-quarters away from him, turned toward that part of the sky that was already becoming glorious with the tints of sunset.

"You've never had any doubt at all, have you, that I really deserved the job of being your big brother; that I was that quite as genuinely as if I had been born that way?"

"No," she said; "of course not, Tom, dear. What put such an idea into your head?"

He paled a little, and it was a minute or two before he could command the words he wanted, to his lips. "Because of my hopes, I suppose," he said unsteadily; "because I had hoped, absurdly enough, for the other answer. You asked as a joke a while back if I meant to disown you. Well, I do, from that relationship—because, I'm not fit for the job; because—because—I've come to love you in the other way."

She looked at him in perfectly blank astonishment. He would not meet her eyes, his own, their pupils almost parallel, gazed out, unseeing, beyond her.

Slowly her color mounted until she felt her whole face burning. "I didn't know," she said. "You shouldn't have let me go on thinking—"

"I didn't know myself until today," he interrupted her stormily; "I didn't know I knew, that is. But when I saw you put your hands on that villain Cayley, I wanted to kill him, and in that same flash I knew why I wanted to."

Turning suddenly to look at her, he saw that she had buried her face in her hands and was crying furiously. "Oh, I am a brute," he concluded, "to have told you about it in this way."

"What does the way matter? That's not what makes it hard. It's loving you so much, the way I do, and having to hurt you. It's having to lose my brother—the only brother I ever had."

There was a long, miserable silence after that. Finally he said: "Jeanne, if you do love me as much as that—the way you do, not the way I love you, but love me any way—could you—could you—marry me just the same? I'd never have any thought in the world but of making you happy. And I'd always be there; you could count on me, you know."

"Don't!" she interrupted curtly. "Don't talk like that, Tom." She shivered, and drew away from him with a little movement somewhere near akin to disgust.

He winced at it, and reddened. Then, in a voice that sounded curiously thick to her, curiously unlike his own, he asked a question: "If I had told you all this a month ago—told you how I felt toward you, and asked you, loving me the way you do, to marry me just the same, would you?"

Oh, I suppose you would have refused. But would you have shuddered and shrunk away from me—like that?"

"Did I shudder and shrink away?" she asked. "I didn't know it. I wasn't angry; I'm not now. But—but that was a terrible thing you asked of me."

"Would it have struck you as horrible," he persisted, "if I had asked it a month ago?"

"Perhaps not," she answered thoughtfully. "I've changed a good deal in the last month—since we sailed away from San Francisco and left the world behind us—our world—and came out into this great white empty one. I don't know why that is."

"I know." He was speaking with a sort of brutal intensity that startled her. "I know. It's not in the last month you've changed; it's within the last 24 hours; it's since you saw and fell in love with that murderous lying brute of a Cayley."

"I don't know," she said very quietly, "whether you're trying to kill the



His Eyes Did Not Turn to Hers, But Remained Fixed.

love I have for you—the old love—or not, Tom, but unless you're very careful, you'll succeed in doing it. I don't think I want to talk to you any more now, not even sit here beside you. I'm going to take a little walk."

He held himself rigidly until till she had disappeared round the end of the deckhouse. Then he bent over and buried his face in his hands!

What the thing was that roused him to his present surroundings he never knew. He was conscious of no sound, but suddenly he sat erect and stared about him in amazement. It had grown quite dark. It must be two or three hours since Jeanne had left the chair beside him and announced that she was going to take a little walk.

He spoke her name, not loudly at first, for he thought she must be close by. But the infinite silent spaces seemed to absorb the sound of his voice. There was no sign that any sentient thing, except his very self, had heard the words he uttered. Then he called louder.

The steps were rather difficult to negotiate, but by using both hands to supplement his one good foot, he succeeded in creeping down them, and then in making his way along the corridor to the girl's door.

He knocked faintly at first; then louder, and finally cried out her name again, this time in genuine alarm. He tried the door, found that it was not locked, and opening it and switching on a light, perceived that the state-room was empty.

He heard footsteps crossing the deck overhead. No, that could not be Jeanne; it was a heavy tread, a curious, shuffling tread.

He closed the door behind him. Then he limped slowly down the corridor toward the foot of the companionway. The heavy tread was already descending the stairs.

He turned the corner, stopped short and gasped. And that was all. There was no time even for a cry. He had caught one glimpse of a monstrous figure clad in skins, huge in bulk, hairy-faced like a gorilla.

And then, the man or beast had, with beastlike quickness, lifted his arm and struck. And Tom Fanshaw dropped down at his feet, senseless.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### The Rosewood Box.

On the girl, Tom Fanshaw's passionate, stormy avowal had the effect of a sort of moral earthquake. It left the ground beneath her feet suddenly unstable and treacherous; it threatened to bring down about her ears the whole structure of her life. The very thing she had relied upon for shelter and security against outside troubles and dangers, was, on the instant, fraught with a greater danger than any of them.

For the first few moments after his avowal she had felt no emotion other than that of astonishment and incredulity. Even when he asked her if she could not marry him, anyway, though the question revolted her, she told the truth in saying that she was not angry.

The anger came later, but it burned into a flame that was all the hotter for its tardiness in kindling. It must have an outlet somewhere, and as such, the promenade up and down the other side of the deck was altogether insufficient.

The sight of a small boat at the foot of the accommodation ladder seemed to offer something better. So, pulling on a pair of fur gauntlets, she dropped into it, cast off the painter, shipped the pair of light oars it contained, and rowed away without any thought of her destination—of any destination whatever; without, even, a very clear idea of what she was doing. She must do something; that was all she knew. Certainly she pulled

away from the yacht's side with no idea that she was running into any possible danger.

It was half a mile, perhaps, from the yacht to the particular bit of shelving beach toward which she unconsciously propelled the boat. She rowed steadily, without so much as a glance over her shoulder, until she felt the grate of the shingle beneath the bow.

She became aware, not only that she had unconsciously come ashore, but also that the yacht was nowhere to be seen. A bank of fog had come rolling in from the eastward, so heavy as to render an object 100 paces away totally invisible. The clump of empty buildings here on the beach could hardly be half that distance, as she remembered, yet looking round from her seat in the row boat, she could make out no more than their blurred masses against the white ice and sand which surrounded them.

She scrambled out of the boat and pulled it high up on the beach. The fog made the air seem cold, though for the arctic it was a mild night. Two of the abandoned buildings on the beach behind her were mere sheds, windowless, absolutely bare, never having served, evidently, any other purpose than that of storage. But the third, and largest, as she remembered it, offered a shelter that was becoming attractive. There were some rude bunks in it where she could rest comfortably enough; and, unless she was mistaken, Scales had left in the hut a half-burned candle which they had used in exploring its dark interior. She had a box of wax vestas in her pocket. She could go in there and make herself at home, and at the same time keep an alert ear for a hail from the yacht.

She found the candle in the place where she remembered Scales had laid it down, struck a light and wedged the candle into a knot-hole. She turned toward one of the bunks with the idea of stretching out there, and by relaxing her muscles, persuade, perhaps, her overstrung nerves to relax, too.

She had taken a step toward it, indeed, before she saw, through the murk and candle smoke, the thing that lay right before her eyes—a rather large, brass-bound rosewood box or chest. It had not been here in the afternoon when they had entered the place, for they had searched its bare interior thoroughly in the hope that there might be something which previous investigators had overlooked. This box, six inches high and a foot long, or more, could not have been here then. It was standing now in the most conspicuous place in the room—in the very middle of the bunk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

##### Need for Two Collars.

Having bought a dog that he admired a Washington Heights man undertook to buy a dog collar. The dog had a neck nearly as big as his head and the dealer advised the man to buy two collars.

"What for?" said the man. "He's got only one neck, so I guess he can get along with only one collar, can't he?"

"Maybe so," said the dealer, so the man went away leading the dog by his new collar and chain.

In less than a week he brought the dog back.

"I'm afraid I can't keep him," he said. "He is too obstreperous. I can't keep him tied up. His neck is the biggest part of him and he is as strong as an ox, therefore it is a sinch for him to slip his collar off."

"That is why I wanted you to take two collars," said the dealer. "Put both on and fasten the chain to the back collar and he can tug away all night without getting loose. He may commit suicide, but he won't get loose."



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A trial package of Munyon's Paw Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address Professor Munyon, 53d & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to write Professor Munyon. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be diagnosed as carefully as though you had a personal interview.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, they do not gripe, they do not weaken, but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 26 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged, causing biliousness, indigestion and impure blood, which often produces rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine-tenths of the cathartics that are now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, setting up serious forms of indigestion, and so paralyze the bowels that they refuse to act—unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverish it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no calomel, no dope; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physic.

Regular size bottle, containing 45 pills, 25 cents. Munyon's Laboratory, 53d & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia.

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IS GERMAN NATIONAL DISH

Open Fruit Tart, Made According to Directions, Cannot Fail to Please.

The open fruit tart is a German national dish not to be mentioned in the same breath with its covered British brother. Apples or plums are scattered not too lavishly on a surface of thick pastry, and speckled with brown sugar.

These tarts are often eaten with the preparation known as "Dick Milch," the forerunner of our eraze for sour milk.

Germans would, however, feel much insulted if they heard their favorite dainty stigmatized as "sour." Instead of "thick." In their opinion it is merely milk in a solid form, and for generations they have esteemed its properties highly, regarding it almost as a medicine.

For its preparation all that is necessary is to keep a bowl of milk in the cellar for three or four days, then skim off the cream and beat it quite smooth with a wooden spoon, and afterward add the milk very slowly, beating all the time. It is usually served with cinnamon or sugar.

SERVED IN PATTY SHELLS

Idea That May Be Something of a Novelty for Those Who Are Fond of Eggs.

Put six fresh eggs in boiling water for seven minutes and then in cold water for five minutes. Remove the shells and cut the eggs in slices. Wash a quarter of a pound of small mushrooms and cut them into slices, and cut into small pieces four chicken livers. Chop up fine one tablespoonful of onions, and cook them in a tablespoonful of butter four minutes, not letting them brown; then add the mushrooms and livers, and season with salt and pepper. Cook for four minutes, stirring all the time, and then add half a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, two tablespoonfuls of sherry and the eggs. In the meantime have the patty shells warming in the oven and, when hot, fill each with the mixture, putting the remainder of it on a platter with the patties, and serve immediately.—Harper's Bazar.

Sauce Bernaise.

First prepare a scented vinegar as follows: Place in a saucepan one slice of onion, one bay leaf, one teaspoon chopped celery (or one salt-spoon of celery seed), one clove of garlic, mashed, and four tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar. Cook until reduced one-half, then strain, cook and set aside. Beat four yolks of eggs, add four tablespoonfuls of olive oil and cook in double boiler until slightly thickened. Do not allow the water to boil underneath or the eggs will curdle. Stir occasionally. Remove from fire and add one-half tablespoonful of salt, one salt-spoon of pepper and the above scented vinegar. Used cold as an accompaniment to broiled steak or broiled or planked fish.

English Crumpets.

One quart of warm milk, one cake of yeast, one teaspoon of salt, flour enough to make a stiff batter. When light, add one-half cup of melted butter, a teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little water, and a very little more flour. Let it stand twenty minutes or until light. Grease some muffin rings, place them on a hot griddle, and fill them half full of the batter. When done on one side, turn and bake the other side. Butter them while hot. Pile one on another and serve immediately.

Graham Prune Crackers.

One pound of cold, dry stewed prunes; one pint of rich cream and graham flour. Cut the prunes in small pieces, sift the flour into the cream until it forms a paste thick enough to roll out; then roll out two layers quarter of an inch thick, sprinkle the prunes over one of these pieces, lay the other piece on top and roll out smooth. Cut into squares three inches square, prick deeply with a fork and bake until not too crisp.

Caramel Pudding.

Three tablespoons tapioca (pearl), one quart cold water, pinch of salt, one cup brown sugar. Bake a good two hours, stirring often when first put in. Serve with cold custard sauce, made of two cups heated milk, add one well-beaten egg mixed with three tablespoons sugar and a pinch of salt; flavor. Am sure you will like this. We, too, are fond of chocolate and if you have something nice please send it in.

Egg Fritters.

Toast six slices of bread a good brown (stale bread is preferable); dip each in hot water to soften; beat thoroughly one egg with egg beater; add pepper and salt to taste and one tablespoon of milk; dip bread in egg mixture and fry a delicate brown in spider with a little lard or butter; butter each slice plentifully and serve plain or with syrup.

Bread Pudding.

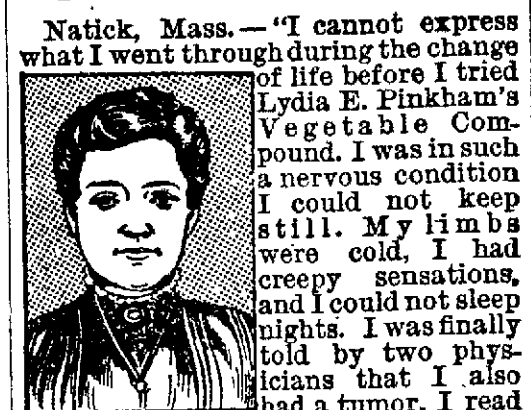
One pint of bread crumbs, one quart milk, rind of one lemon grated into milk, yolks of four eggs, beaten and mixed with one-half cup sugar. Bake one-half hour. Spread meringue on top.

Prune Pie.

Line a plate with pastry and fill with one-half pound stewed prunes; cover with an upper crust and bake about forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

# WHAT I WENT THROUGH

Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Natick, Mass.—"I cannot express what I went through during the change of life before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in such a nervous condition I could not keep still. My limbs were cold, I had creepy sensations, and I could not sleep nights. I was finally told by two physicians that I also had a tumor. I read one day of the wonderful cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it, and it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it had worked a miracle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will help others you may publish my letter."—MRS. NATHAN B. GREATON, 51 N. Main Street, Natick, Mass.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

GREATLY ATTACHED TO IT

Husband Who Had "Married Money" Acknowledged the Truth to His Friend's Query.

Apologies of a beautiful young wife, worth \$40,000,000—who had just divorced her penniless husband in order to marry again, Henry E. Dixey, the comedian, said at a dinner in New York:

"The young man who marries for money has none too easy a time of it. His rich wife is likely to tire of him and throw him out in a few years, or else she is likely to limit his allowance to 25 or 50 cents a day."

"I married money; a man once said to me."

"Wasn't there a woman attached to it?" I asked.

"Yes, you bet there was," he exploded. "So much attached to it that she never parted with a penny."

Ambiguous.

Obliging Shopman (to lady who has purchased a pound of butter)—Shall I send it for you, madam?

Lady—No, thank you. It won't be too heavy for me.

Obliging Shopman—Oh, no, madam. I'll make it as light as I possibly can.—Punch.

Foolish.

"I am going to ask your father tonight for your hand in marriage."

"How dreadfully old fashioned you are."

"In what way?"

"Don't ask him; tell him."

The Riddle.

The Sphinx propounded a puzzle. "Why does it always rain the day you move?" she asked. Herewith the ancients gave it up.

A woman's idea of a brave man is one who isn't afraid to go into a dark closet in which there may be a mouse.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

Many a time this summer you're going to be just about done out by the heat—hot, and so thirsty it just seems nothing could quench it. When such moments arrive or when you just want a delicious, palate tickling drink step into the first place you can find where they sell COCA-COLA. It's delicious, refreshing and completely thirst-quenching. At soda-fountains or carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send to the COCA-COLA CO., Atlanta, Ga., for their free booklet "The Truth About COCA-COLA." Tells what COCA-COLA is and why it is so delicious, cooling and wholesome.

To the Childish Mind.

Dorothy Ullman of East Eighty-fourth street, is a very literal young person. To her mother's definition of the All-Seeing Eye she returned a question as to the size of the eye.

"Can God see everything?" she continued.

"Yes, dear. He can see everything, at all times."

That afternoon Dorothy escorted her mother downtown. Before an optician's display she stopped. Then, "Mother," she asked, pointing to the big winking eye in the window: "Is God's eye as big as this?"—Cleveland Leader.

A Poetic Prosecutor.

John Burns, city prosecutor of St. Paul, was trying to show Judge Finehout why some young men ought to be fined for tearing pickets off the fence of Mrs. Joe Goesik. Mr. Burns said:

"I know Mike Chicklet tore off that picket, and the lady took offence."

"No lady is charged with taking a fence," replied Judge Finehout, "and, besides, this is no place for poetry."

Remember This: Nothing Known to Medical Science

Will so quickly relieve and completely stop the burning pain of itching and inflamed Piles as Resinol Ointment. Resinol is used and recommended by Medical Men, Dentists and Nurses throughout the world for the relief and cure of all irritations of the skin and sores and fissures of nose, mouth and rectum. It is the recognized standard remedy for Eczema and other itching skin troubles, and the best application that can be made for Burns and Scalds. It is sold at all drug stores.

Age of Oysters.

Oysters grow only during the summer and especially during the long, warm summer at that, and are scarcely big enough for the mouth before the third year. It is easy after looking over a bunch of shells to tell how old an oyster is. A summer hump and the winter sink come across the shell every year, but after the seventh or tenth year full growth comes; then, by looking at the sinks between the humps it is hard to tell anything more about Miss Oyster's age. Oysters live to be twenty years old.

"Kicking the Bucket."

When we speak facetiously of some one of whom we have no reverence as having "kicked the bucket" we employ a phrase that would seem to be a piece of latter-day slang, but as a matter of fact, it dates back to old England, when, about the year 1725, one Bolsover hung himself to a beam while standing on the bottom of a bucket and then kicked the bucket away. Although at first used only in cases of suicide, it has been applied in the course of years to any death without distinction.

If You Have Money.

That fellow Gotrox is a multimillionaire. He has more money than brains."

"Well, what does he want with brains?"

Quite Often.

Fig—Two negatives make an affirmative, you know.

Fogg—With a woman it takes only one.

BETTER FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN THAN CASTOR OIL.

SALTS, OR PILLS, AS IT SWEETENS AND CLEANSES THE SYSTEM MORE EFFICIENTLY AND IS FAR MORE PLEASANT TO TAKE.

SYRUP OF FIGS and ELIXIR OF SENNA

IS THE IDEAL FAMILY LAXATIVE, AS IT GIVES SATISFACTION TO ALL, IS ALWAYS BENEFICIAL IN ITS EFFECTS AND PERFECTLY SAFE AT ALL TIMES.

NOTE THE NAME  
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.  
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on every Package of the Genuine.

ALL RELIABLE DRUGGISTS SELL THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WHEN CALLED FOR, ALTHOUGH THEY COULD MAKE A LARGER PROFIT BY SELLING INFERIOR PREPARATIONS, YET THEY PREFER TO SELL THE GENUINE, BECAUSE IT IS RIGHT TO DO SO AND FOR THE GOOD OF THEIR CUSTOMERS. WHEN IN NEED OF MEDICINES, SUCH DRUGGISTS ARE THE ONES TO DEAL WITH, AS YOUR LIFE OR HEALTH MAY AT SOME TIME, DEPEND UPON THEIR SKILL AND RELIABILITY WHEN BUYING

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SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA IS THE ONLY PERFECT FAMILY LAXATIVE, BECAUSE IT IS THE ONE REMEDY WHICH ACTS IN A NATURAL, STRENGTHENING WAY AND CLEANSES THE SYSTEM, WITHOUT UNPLEASANT AFTER-EFFECTS AND WITHOUT IRRITATING, DEBILITATING OR CRIPPLING, AND THEREFORE DOES NOT INTERFERE IN ANY WAY WITH BUSINESS OR PLEASURE. IT IS RECOMMENDED BY MILLIONS OF WELL INFORMED FAMILIES, WHO KNOW OF ITS VALUE FROM PERSONAL USE. TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE, MANUFACTURED BY THE

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W. L. DOUGLAS

ESTAB. 1876 \$2.50 \$3 \$3.50 & \$4 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN  
W. L. Douglas shoes cost more to make than ordinary shoes, because higher grade leathers are used and selected with greater care. These are the reasons why W. L. Douglas shoes are guaranteed to hold their shape, look and fit better and wear longer than any other shoes you can buy.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom, which guarantees full value and protects the wearer against high prices and inferior shoes. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES CLAIMED TO BE "JUST AS GOOD" If you dealer cannot supply you with the genuine W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. Shoes sent direct from factory to wearer, all charges prepaid. W. L. Douglas, 145 Spaulding St., Brockton, Mass. \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00

Some Antique Mugs.

The college collector of antiques stopped off at Bacon Ridge.

"Good day, sir," he said, addressing the postmaster. "I am collecting old-fashioned articles and would like to know if I could find anything like that in this hamlet. Say antique mugs, for instance."

Uncle Jason stroked his chin whiskers.

"Antique mugs! By hek, I know the very place where there be two of them now."

"You do? Here's a good cigar. Now where can I find these antique mugs?"

"Why, down on Main street, in Hiram Spruceby's shop. Grandad Wheatley and Pap Simmons are in there getting shaved, and by hek, when it comes to antique mugs, I reckon thars' be the oldest in the country, stranger."

Difficult to Answer.

Explaining the happenings of the sixth day of the creation, Miss Frances Hartz read to her Sabbath school class: "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground."

"Well," spoke up one kid, "that's nothin' new. Did he put him in the sun to dry, the way we do our mud-pies?"

Miss Hartz discreetly slurred the answer and proceeded with her lesson.—Cleveland Leader.

Strictly Business.

Mrs. Knicker—Did you hold a short session with your husband?

Mrs. Bocker—Yes, I merely had him pass an appropriation bill.

Even a wise man can't tell when a woman's hat is on straight.

Well Mated.

"What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to call a wedding reception an infare?"

Response by the white-haired boarder:

"I think she married the old-fashioned man who used to crack his knuckles regularly twice a day."

To the Point.

Over in Hoboken in a shop frequented by Germans, hangs a sign framed in mournful black, reading thus:

"We regret to inform our honored customers that our good and generous friend, Mr. Credit, expired today. He was a noble soul, always willing and helpful, but has been failing for some time. May he rest in peace. PAY CASH!"

Local Color.

"I understand that sixteen different women have brought suit for breach of promise against Ritter. What's his defense?"

"Oh, he claims that he was simply gettings material for his annual output of summer love stories."—Puck.

Too Much Like Work.

"The boss's son is kicking."

"Why?"

"Say's he's overworked. All he used to do was tear the pages off the office calendars once a month. Now he has to wind the eight-day clock, too."

Very Much Attached.

Swenson—Why do you always hear a ship referred to as "she"?

Benson—I guess it is because she sometimes becomes very much attached to a buoy.

# Can't Get Away From It

Is it possible to nourish, strengthen and Rebuild the Brain by Food?

Every man who thinks uses up part of the brain each day. Why don't it all disappear and leave an empty skull in say a month of brain work? Because the man rebuilds each day.

If he builds a little less than he destroys, brain fog and nervous prostration result sure. If he builds back a little more each day, the brain grows stronger and more capable. That also is sure. Where does man get the material to rebuild his brain? Is it from air, sky or the ice of the Arctic sea? When you come to think about it, the rebuilding material must be in the food and drink.

That also is sure.

Are the brain rebuilding materials found in all food? In a good variety but not in suitable proportion in all.

To illustrate: we know bones are made largely of lime and magnesia taken from food; therefore to make healthy bone structure we must have food containing these things. We would hardly feed only sugar and fat to make healthy bone structure in a growing child.

Likewise if we would feed in a skillful manner to insure getting what the brain requires for strength and rebuilding, we must first know what the brain is composed of and then select some article or articles (there are more than one) that contain these elements.

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Geoghegan, shows of Mineral Salts. Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash) 2.91 per cent of the total, 5.33 of all mineral salts.

This is over one-half.

Beaunis, another authority, shows "Phosphoric Acid combined" and Potash 73.44 per cent from a total of 101.07.

Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium and Phosphorus (which join and make Phosphate of Potash) is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumen and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

The natural conclusion is that if Phosphate of Potash is the needed mineral element in brain and you use food which does not contain it, you have brain fog because its daily loss is not supplied.

On the contrary, if you eat food known to be rich in this element, you place before the life forces that which nature demands for brain-building.

Mind does not work well on a brain that is broken down by lack of nourishment.

A peaceful and evenly poised mind is necessary to good digestion.

Worry, anxiety, fear, hate, etc., etc., directly interfere with or stop the flow of Pyralin, the digestive juice of the mouth, and also interfere with the flow of the digestive juices of stomach and pancreas.

Therefore, the mental state of the individual has much to do (more than suspected) with digestion.

Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumen and water.

Grape-Nuts contain that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required. Brain rebuilding material is certainly found in

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.,  
Battle Creek, Mich.



